



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

all the necessary matayrials for the church, they had but one bullock, an' him St Keeran resolved to kill in the evening, an' to give them a fog meal of him. He accordingly slaughtered him with his own hands, 'but,' said he to the workmen, 'mind what I say, boys: if any one of you breaks a single bone, even the smallest, or injures the hide in the laste, you'll destroy all; an' my sow! to glory but it'll be worse for you besides.'

He then took all the flesh off the bones, but not till he had boiled them, of course; after which he sewed them up again in the skin, an' put them in the shed, wid a good wisp o' straw before them; an' glory be to God, what do you think, but the next mornin' the bullock was alive, an' in as good condition as ever he was in during his life! Better fed workmen you couldn't see, an', bedad, the saint himself got so fat an' rosy that you'd scarcely know him to be the same man afther it. Now, this went on for some time: whenever they wanted mate, the bullock was killed, an' the bones an' skin kept safe as before. At last it happened that a long-sided fellow among them named M'Mahon, not satisfied wid his allowance of the mate, took a fancy to have a lick at the marrow, an' accordingly, in spite of all the saint said, he broke one of the legs an' sucked the marrow out of it. But behold you!—the next day when they went to yoke the bullock, they found that he was useless, for the leg was broken an' he couldn't work. This, to be sure, was a sad misfortune to them all, but it couldn't be helped, an' they had to wait till better times came; for the truth is, that afther the marrow is broken, no power of man could make the leg as it was before until the cure is brought about by time. However, the saint was very much vexed, an' good right he had. 'Now, M'Mahon,' says he to the guilty man, 'I order it, an' prophesy that the church we're building will never fall till it falls upon the head of some one of your name, if it was to stand a thousand years. Mark my words, for they must come to pass.'

An' sure enough you know as well as I do that it's all down long ago wid the exception of a piece of the wall, that's not standin' but hangin', widout any visible support in life, an' only propped up by the prophesy. It can't fall till a M'Mahon comes under it; but although there's plenty of the name in the neighbourhood, ten o' the strongest horses in the kingdom wouldn't drag one of them widin half a mile of it. There, now, is the prophesy that belongs to the hangin' wall of Ballynasagart church."

"But, Barney, didn't you say something about the winged woman that flew to the wilderness?"

"I did; that's a deep point, an' it's few that understands it. The baste wid seven heads an' ten horns is to come; an' when he was to make his appearance, it was said to be time for them that might be alive then to go to their padareens."

"What does the seven heads and ten horns mane, Barney?"

"Why, you see, as I am informed from good authority, the baste has come, an' it's clear from the *ten* horns that he could be no other than Harry the Eighth, who was married to *five* wives, an' by all accounts they strengthened an' ornamented him sore against his will. Now, set in case that each o' them—five times two is ten—but! the thing's as clear as crystal. But I'll prove it better. You see the woman wid the two wings is the church, an' she flew into the wilderness at the very time Harry the Eighth wid his ten horns on him was in his greatest power."

"Bedad that's puttin' the explanations to it in great style."

"But the woman wid the wings is only to be in the wilderness for a time, times, an' half a time, that's exactly three hundred an' fifty years, an' afther that there's to be no more Protestans."

"Faith that's great!"

"Sure Columkill prophesied that until H E M E I A M should come, the church would be in no danger, but that afther that she must be under a cloud for a time, times, an' half a time, jist in the same way."

"Well, but how do you explain that, Barney?"

"An' St Bridget prophesied that when D O C is uppermost, the church will be hard set in Ireland. But, indeed, there's no end to the prophesies that there is concernin' Ireland an' the church. However, neighbours, do you know that I feel the heat o' the fire has made me rather drowsy, an' if you have no objection, I'll take a bit of a nap. There's great things near us, an' how. An' talkin' about D O C brings to my mind another ould prophesy made up, they say, betune Columkill and St Bridget; an' it is this, that the triumph of the country will never be at hand till the D O C flourishes in Ireland."

Such were the speculations upon which the harmless mind of Barney M'Haighrey ever dwelt. From house to house, from parish to parish, and from province to province, did he thus trudge, never in a hurry, but always steady and constant in his motions. He might be not inaptly termed the Old Mortality of traditinary prophesy, which he often chiselled anew, added to, and improved, in a manner that generally gratified himself and his hearers. He was a harmless kind man, and never known to stand in need of either clothes or money. He paid little attention to the silent business of ongoing life, and was consequently very nearly an abstraction. He was always on the alert, however, for the result of a battle; and afther having heard it, he would give no opinion whatsoever until he had first silently compared it with his own private theory in prophesy. If it agreed with this, he immediately published it in connection with his established text; but if it did not, he never opened his lips on the subject.

His class has nearly disappeared, and indeed it is so much the better, for the minds of the people were thus filled with antiquated nonsense that did them no good. Poor Barney, to his great mortification, lived to see with his own eyes the failure of his most favourite prophecies, but he was not to be disheartened even by this; though some might fail, all could not; and his stock was too varied and extensive not to furnish him with a sufficient number of others over which to cherish his imagination and expatiate during the remainder of his inoffensive life.

ORIGIN AND MEANINGS OF IRISH FAMILY NAMES.

BY JOHN O'DONOVAN.

Fifth Article.

ACCORDING to Mabillon, hereditary surnames were first established in Italy in the tenth and eleventh centuries; but Muratori shows that this statement cannot be correct, as in the MSS. of the tenth century in the Ambrosian Library of Milan, no trace can be found of surnames. In the ninth and tenth centuries, to distinguish persons, their profession or country is added to the Christian name, as *Johannes Scotus Erigena*, *Dungallus Scotus*, *Johannes Presbyter*, *Johannes Clericus*; the dignity is also sometimes added, as *Comes Marchio*, without stating of what place. In the tenth century, "A, the son of B, the son of C," was another mode of designation. It is said that the Venetians in the beginning of the eleventh century adopted hereditary surnames, a custom which they borrowed from the Greeks, with whom they carried on a great trade. The Lombards adopted the same practice afther the fashion of the Venetians, and accordingly the great family of Monticuli took that name from their castle in Lombardy called Montecuculi, it being on the top of a hill. The great house of Colonna took its name from the town and castle of Columna about the year 1156; and about the same time the noble family of Ursini derived its name from an ancestor nicknamed *Ursus*, or *Orso*, on account of his ferocity. Other noble families adopted names from the nickname given to an ancestor, as the illustrious family of Malaspina (the bad thorn) of Pavia, and the family of Malatesta (the bad head). The family of Frangipani, so formidable to the Popes, took that name in the twelfth century. The Rangones of Rome took their name from an estate of theirs in Germany. The Viscontes of Milan were so called from their title of Viscount, which was borne by one of the family. These names appear for the first time in the latter end of the twelfth century. I consider it but proper to observe, that for this information on the subject of Italian surnames we are indebted to the antiquary whose name I have already mentioned, the accurate and laborious Muratori.

To resume the history of surnames in Ireland. We have seen in the last article that in the year 1682 the inferior classes in Ireland, especially in Westmeath and the adjoining counties, were very forward in accommodating themselves to the English usages, particularly in their surnames, "which by all manner of ways they strove to make English or English-like." This was more particularly the case afther the defeat of the Irish at the Boyne and Aughrim, when the Irish chieftains were conquered, and the pride of the Irish people was humbled. At this period, the Irish people, finding that their ancient surnames sounded harshly in the ears of their conquerors and new English masters, found it convenient to reduce them as much as possible to the level of English pronunciation: and they accordingly rejected in almost every in-

stance the O' and Mac, and made various other changes in their names, so as to give them an English appearance. Thus a gentleman of the O'Neills in Tyrone changed his old name of Felim O'Neill to Felix Neele, as we learn from an epigram written in Latin on the subject by a witty scholar of the name of Conway or Mac Conwy, whose Irish feeling had not been blunted by the misfortunes of the times. The following translation of this epigram is perhaps worth preserving:—

All things has Felix changed, he has changed his name;
 Yes, in himself he is no more the same.
 Scorning to spend his days where he was reared,
 To drag out life among the vulgar herd,
 Or trudge his way through bogs in bracks and brogues,
 He changed his creed and joined the Saxon rogues
 By whom his sires were robbed; he laid aside
 The arms they bore for centuries with pride,
 The Ship, the Salmon, and the famed Red Hand,
 And blushed when called O'Neill in his own land!
 Poor, paltry skulker from thy noble race,
Infelix Felix, weep for thy disgrace!

Many others even of the most distinguished family names were anglicised in a similar manner, as O'Connor to Conors and Coniers, O'Brien to Brine, Mac Carthy to Carty, &c. The respectability of the O's and Macs, however, was kept up on the Continent by the warriors of the Irish Brigade, who preserved every mark that would prove them to be of Irish origin; the Irish having at this period become so illustrious for their military skill, valour, and politeness, that they were sought after by all the powers on the Continent of Europe. Thus we find O'Donnell made Field Marshal, Chief General of Cavalry, Governor-General of Transylvania, and Grand Croix of the Military Order of St Theresa. The O'Flanigan of Tuaraah (John), in the county of Fermanagh, became Colonel in the imperial service; and his brother James O'Flanigan was Lieutenant-General of Dillon's regiment in France. O'Mahony became a Count and Lieutenant-General of his Catholic Majesty's forces, and his Ambassador Plenipotentiary at the Court of Vienna; Mac Gawley of the county of Cork became Colonel of a regiment in Spain; O'Nery of Tyrone settled at Brussels, and became Count of the Roman Empire, Councillor of State to her Imperial Majesty, and Chief President of the Privy Council at Brussels. A branch of the family of O'Callaghan, who followed the fortunes of King James II, became Baron O'Callaghan, and Grand Veneur (chasseur) to his Serene Highness the Prince Margrave of Baden-Baden. The head of the O'Mullallys, or O'Lallys of Tulach-na dala, two miles to the west of Tuam, in the county of Galway, settled in France and became Count Lally-Tolendal and a General in the French service. O'Connor Roe became Governor of Civita Vecchia, a sea-port of great trust in the Pope's dominions, &c. and &c.

The lustre derived from the renown of these warriors kept up the respectability of the O's and Macs on the Continent, and induced many of the Irish at home to resume these prefixes, especially the O'. Thus in our own time the name O'Connor Don was assumed by Owen O'Connor, Esq. of Belanagare, whose line was seven generations removed from the last ancestor who had borne the name; and the name of the O'Grady has also been assumed by Mr O'Grady of Kilballyowen, in our own time, though none of his ancestors had borne it since the removal of that family from Tomgraney, in the county of Clare. Myles John O'Reilly, late of the Heath House, Queen's County, was at one time disposed to style himself the O'Reilly, but I regret to say that his circumstances prevented him. Daniel O'Connell, Esq. of Derrynane Abbey, prefixed the O', after it had been dropped for several generations; and I have heard it constantly asserted that he has no *title* to the O', because his father, who did not know his pedigree, never prefixed it; but such assertions have no weight with us, for we know that O'Connell's father never mentioned his own name in the original Irish without prefixing O', because it would be imperfect without it. And whether O'Connell can trace his pedigree with certainty up to Connall, chief of the tribe in the tenth century, we know not, but we know that he ought to be able to do so.

In like manner, Morgan William O'Donovan, of Mountpelier, near Cork, has not only re-assumed the O' which his ancestors had rejected for eight generations, but also has styled himself the O'Donovan, chief of his name, being the next of kin to the last acknowledged head of that family, the late General Richard O'Donovan of Bawnlahan, whose family became extinct in the year 1829. His example has been followed by Timothy O'Donovan, of O'Donovan's Cove, head of a respectable branch of the family. We like this Irish pride of ances-

try, and we hope that it will become general before many years shall have passed.

There are other heads of families who retain their Irish names with pride, as Sir Lucius O'Brien of Dromoland, in Clare; Mac Dermot Roe of Alderford, in the county of Roscommon; Mac Dermot of Coolavin, who is the lineal descendant of the chief of Moylurg, and whose pedigree is as well known as that of any royal family in Europe; O'Hara of Leyny, in the county of Sligo; O'Dowda of Bunyconnellan, near Ballina, in the county of Mayo; O'Loughlin of Burren, in the north of the county of Clare; Mac Carthy of Carrignavar, near Cork, who represents one of the noblest families in Ireland; Mac Gillicuddy of the Reeks, in the county of Kerry, a collateral branch of the same great family; O'Kelly of Ticooly, in the county of Galway; O'Moore of Clough Castle, in the King's County; More O'Ferrall, M.P. O'Flahertie, of Lemonfield, in the same county; and John Augustus Mageoghegan O'Neill, of Bunowen Castle, in the west of Connamara, in the same county. We are not aware that any of the old families of Leinster have preserved their ancient names unaltered. Of these, the Cavanaghs of Borris, in the county of Carlow, are the most distinguished; and we indulge a hope that the rising generation will soon resume the name of Mac Murrough Cavanagh, a name celebrated in Irish history for great virtues as well as great vices.

Among the less distinguished families, however, the translation and anglicising of names have gone on to so great a degree as to leave no doubt that in the course of half a century it will be difficult, if not impossible, to distinguish many families of Irish name and origin from those of English name and origin, unless, indeed, inquirers shall be enabled to do so by the assistance of history and physiognomical characteristics. The principal cause of the change of these names was the difficulty which the magistrates and lawyers, who did not understand the Irish language, found in pronouncing them, and in consequence their constant habit of ridiculing them. This made the Irish feel ashamed of all such names as were difficult of pronunciation to English organs, and they were thus led to change them by degrees, either by translating them into what they conceived to be their meanings in English, by assimilating them to local English surnames of respectable families, or by paring them in such a manner as to make them easy of pronunciation to English organs.

The families among the lower ranks who have translated, anglicised, or totally changed their ancient surnames, are very numerous, and are daily becoming more and more so. Besides the cause already mentioned, we can assign two reasons for this rage which prevails at present among the lower classes for the continued adoption of English surnames. First, the English language is becoming that universally spoken among these classes, and there are many Irish surnames which do not seem to sound very euphoniously in that modern language; and, secondly, the names translated or totally changed are, with very few exceptions, of no celebrity in Irish history; and when they do not sound well in English, the bearers naturally wish to get rid of them, in order that they should not be considered of Atticotic or plebeian Irish origin. As this change is going on rapidly in every part of Ireland, I shall here, for the information, if not for the amusement, of the reader, give some account of the Milesian or Scotie names that have thus become metamorphosed.

And first, of names which have been translated correctly or incorrectly. In the county of Sligo the ancient name of O'Mulclohy has been metamorphosed into Stone, from an idea that *clohy*, the latter part of it, signifies a *stone*, but it is a mere guess translation; so that in this instance this people may be said to have taken a new name. In the county of Leitrim, the ancient and by no means obscure name of Mac Connava has been rendered Forde, from an erroneous notion that *ava*, the last part of it, is a corruption of *atha*, of a *ford*. This is also an instance of false translation, for we know that Mac Connava, chief of Munter Kenny, in the county of Leitrim, took his name from his ancestor Cusnava, who flourished in the tenth century. In Thomond the ancient name of O'Knavin is now often anglicised Bowen, because Knavin signifies a *small bone*. This change was first made by a butcher in Dublin, who should perhaps be excused, as he conformed so well to the act of 5 Edward IV. In Tirconnell the ancient name of O'Mulmoghery is now always rendered Early, because *moch-eirghe* signifies *early rising*. This version, however, is excusable, though not altogether correct. In Thomond, O'Marceachain is translated Ryder by

some, but anglicised Markham by others; and in the same territory O'Lahiff is made Guthrie, which is altogether incorrect. In Tyrone the ancient name of Mac Rory is now invariably made Rogers, because Roger is assumed to be the English Christian name corresponding to the Irish Ruaidhri or Rory. In Connamara, in the west of the county of Galway, the ancient name of Mac Conry is now always made King, because it is assumed that *ry*, the last syllable of it, is from *right*, a king; but this is a gross error, for this family, who are of Dalcaasian origin, took their surname from their ancestor Curoi, a name which forms Conroi in the genitive case, and has nothing to do with *right*, a king; and the Kings of Connamara would therefore do well to drop their false name, a name to which they have no right, and re-assume their proper ancient and excellent name of Mac Conry, through which alone their pedigree and their history can be traced.

These examples, selected out of a long list of Irish surnames, erroneously translated, are sufficient to show the false process by which the Irish are getting rid of their ancient surnames. I shall next exhibit a few specimens of Irish surnames which have been assimilated to English or Scotch ones, from a fancied resemblance in the sounds of both.

In Ulster, Mac Mahon, the name of the celebrated chiefs of Oriel, a name which, as we have already seen, the poet Spenser attempted to prove to be an Irish form of Fitzursula, is now very frequently anglicised Matthews; and Mac Cawell, the name of the ancient chiefs of Kinel Ferady, is anglicised Camphill, Campbell, Howell, and even Cauldfield. In Thomond, the name O'Hionhair is anglicised Howard among the peasantry, and Ivers among the gentry, which looks strange indeed! And in the same county, the ancient Irish name of O'Beirne is metamorphosed to Byron; while in the original locality of the name, in Tir-Briuin na Sinna, in the east of the county of Roscommon, it is anglicised Bruin among the peasantry; but among the gentry, who know the historical respectability of the name, the original form O'Beirne is retained. In the province of Connaught we have met a family of the name of O'Heraghty, who anglicised their old Scotch name to Harrington, an innovation which we consider almost unpardonable. In the city of Limerick, the illustrious name of O'Shaughnessy is metamorphosed to Sandys, by a family who know their pedigree well; for no other reason, perhaps, than to disguise the Irish origin of the family; but we are glad to find it retained by the Roman Catholic Dean of Ennis, and also by Mr O'Shaughnessy of Galway, who, though now reduced to the capacity of a barber in the town of Galway, is the chief of his name, and now the senior representative of Guaire Aidhne, king of Connaught, who is celebrated in Irish history as the personification of hospitality. Strange turn of affairs! In the county of Londonderry, the celebrated old name O'Brollaghan is made to look English by being transmuted to Bradley, an English name of no lustre, at least in Ireland. In the county of Fermanagh, the O'Creighans have changed their name to Creighton, for no other reason than because a Colonel Creighton lives in their vicinity; and in the county of Leitrim, O'Fergus, the descendant of the ancient Erenachs of Rossinver, has, we are sorry to say, lately changed his name to Ferguson. Throughout the province of Ulster generally, very extraordinary changes have been made in the names of the aborigines; as, Mac Teige, to Montague; O'Mulligan, to Molyneaux; Mac-Gillycuskly, to Cosgrove; Mac Gillyglass, to Greene; O'Tuathalain, to Toland and Thulis; O'Hay to Hughes; O'Carellan to Carleton, as, for instance, our own William Carleton, the depicter of the manners, customs, and superstitions of the Irish, who is of the old Milesian race of the O'Cairellans, the ancient chiefs of Clandermot, in the present county of Londonderry; O'Hown, to Owens; Mac Gillyfinen, to Leonard; Mac Shane, to Johnson, and even Johnston; O'Gneeve, to Agnew; O'Clery, to Clarke; Mac Lave, to Hande; Mac Guiggin, to Goodwin; O'Hir, to Hare; O'Luane, to Lamb; Mac Conin, to Canning; O'Haughey, to Howe; O'Conwy, to Conway; O'Loingsy, to Lynch; Mac Namee, to Meath, &c, &c.

In Connaught, O'Greighan is changed to Graham; O'Cluman, to Coalman; O'Naghton, to Norton; Mac Rannal, to Reynolds; O'Heosa, to Hussey; Mac Firbis, to Forbes; O'Hargadon, to Hardiman (the learned author of the History of Galway, and compiler of the Irish Minstrelsy, is of this name, and not of English origin, as the present form of his name would seem to indicate); O'Mulfover, to Milford; O'Tiompain, to Tenpenny; O'Conagan, to Conyngham; O'Heyne, to Hindes and Hynes; O'Mulvihill, to Melville;

O'Rourke, to Rooke; Mac Gillakilly, to Cox and Woods. In Munster, O'Sesman is changed to Sexton; O'Shanahan, to Fox; O'Turran, to Troy; O'Mulligan, to Baldwin; O'Hiskeen, to Hastings; O'Nia, to Neville (in every instance!); O'Corey, to Curry; O'Sheedy, to Silke; O'Mulfaver, to Palmer; O'Trehy to Foote; O'Honeen, to Greene; O'Connaing, to Gunning; O'Murgaly, to Morley; O'Kinsellagh, to Kingsley and Tinsly; Mac Gillymire, to Merryman; O'Hehir, to Hare; O'Faelchon, to Wolfe; O'Barran, to Barrington; O'Keatey, to Keating; O'Connowe, to Conway; O'Credan, to Creed; O'Feehily, to Pickley; O'Ahern, to Heron, &c, &c.

Scores of similar instances might be given, but the number exhibited is sufficient to show the manner in which the Irish are assimilating their names with those of their conquerors.

SCRAP FROM THE NORTHERN SCRIP.

Translated for the Irish Penny Journal, from the publications of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, Copenhagen.]

NO. II.—AN IRISH HERDSMAN'S DOG.

After King Olave had married his Irish spouse Gyda, he dwelt partly in England, partly in Ireland. While King Olave was in Ireland, it so happened that he was engaged in a certain expedition attended by a great naval force. When they were short of plunder, they went ashore, and drove off a great multitude of cattle. Then a certain peasant followed them, begging that they would return him the cows which belonged to him in the herd they were driving away. King Olave answered, "Drive off your cows, if you know them, and can separate them from the herd of oxen, so as not to delay our journey; but I believe that neither you nor any one else can do this, from among so many hundreds of oxen as we are driving." The peasant had a large herdsman's dog, which he ordered to sort the herds of oxen that were collected. The dog ran about through all the herds of oxen, and drove off as many oxen as the peasant had said he wanted; all these oxen were marked in the same manner, from which they inferred that the dog had rightly distinguished them. Then the king says, "Your dog is very sagacious, peasant! will you give me the dog?" He answered, "I will, with pleasure." The king immediately gave him a large gold ring, and promised him his friendship. This dog was named Vigius, and he was of all dogs the most sagacious and the best; that dog was long in King Olave's possession.

G. D.

ANIMAL HEAT.

First Article.

A FEW years ago a conjuror made his appearance in London, whose performances were so wonderful that his audience, instead of being confined to the foolish and thoughtless people who usually encourage such exhibitions, included many of the most eminent philosophers and scientific men of the day. It may naturally be supposed that his feats must have been more than usually ingenious, to attract persons of such consequence; and indeed many of them were so wonderful, that, had he ventured to exhibit them a century or two ago, they would inevitably have led him to the stake or the scaffold, for having too intimate an acquaintance with a certain disreputable personage whom it is not necessary to particularize by name. This great conjuror defied all the ordinary laws of nature. He would not condescend to exhibit such vulgar mountebank tricks as crunching red-hot coals in his mouth, and dining on tenpenny nails; but he struck the faculty with the greatest horror, by making poison of all kinds his common food; breakfasting on a strong solution of arsenic, and taking a short drachm of prussic acid before dinner, as a whet for his appetite. More wonderful still was his manner of preparing this dinner: he used to have an oven heated intensely, every day, into which he walked, or crawled, with the greatest composure, taking with him a raw beef-steak, which in the course of seven or eight minutes was well cooked by the intense heat of the place, whilst the only effect of its high temperature on him was to quicken his pulse a little, and produce a gentle perspiration. Fire, indeed, appeared his element, and so perfectly could he control and master it, that he received almost by acclamation the title of "the Fire King."

Human greatness, however is but transitory, and even the laurels of the Fire King were wrested from him by the envious doctors of the metropolis, who wished him to drink prussic acid of *their own manufacture*, an invitation which he very politely and prudently declined. But though on this account